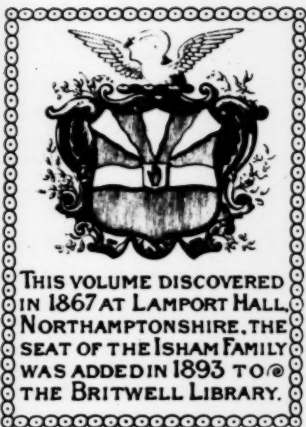


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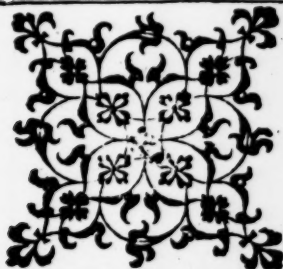
A N
Excellent Poeme,

vpon the longing of a blessed
heart : which loathing the
world, doth long to be
with Christ.

With an Addition, vpon the definition of loue.

Compiled by *Nicholas Breton*, Gentleman.

Cupio dissolui, & esse cum Christo.



Imprinted at London, for Iohn Browne,
and Iohn Deane. 1601.





To the Right Honourable, my singular good Lord, the Fauourer of
all good Studies, and Louer of all

vertues, the Lord North, Nicholas

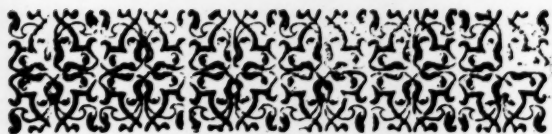
Breton wisheth encrease of
honour, continuance of
health, and eternall
happinesse.

Right Honourable, knowing the nature of men so different, that it is hard for one to speak of all; & the delights of the most part of the world so farre from longing after heaven, that if the mer cie of God were not the greater, the Diuell woulde make too great a Haruest on the Earth: forie to see the dispositions of the wicked, and wishing the number of the vertuous were encreased (among the which, if I might without flatteriespeake a truth, I should note your Honor, for a kinde of *Phenix* among men) I haue, vpon my knowledge of your worthynesse, in the good re-

A 2

gard



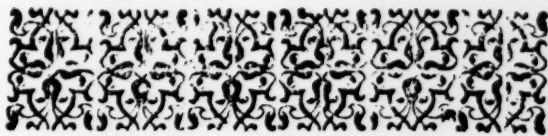


The Epistle Dedicatorie.

gard of all well disposed Spirits, presumed, out of
the humble Meditations of no worldly minde, to
present your Honour, with a little volume of the
vaine delightes of the worldly, and the better long-
ginges of the godly . In which, I am perswaded,
when your Honour, hath noted, what is loue, and
what is worth the louing, you wil loue me nothing
the worse, for my loues longing . But leauing to
your honourable discretion, the liking of
my soules labour, and commaunde-
ment of my hearts loue: in the
humilitie of affectionate
seruice, I rest

Your Honours, in all humble and boun-
den duetic, *Nicholas Breton.*

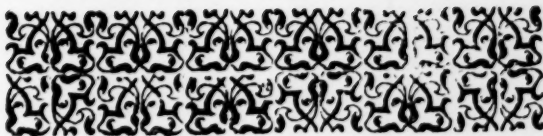




To the Reader.

If you loue your selfe, or like to bee loued, is were good, you did first know what loue is; where it is to be sought; and how to be had: which in this little lesson following, you may happen to hit on. For if you mistake the matter, as many haue done, that set their wittes a woll-gathering, vpon the backe of a Woodcocke, in thinking loue to be either nothing, or at least as little worth; or such a kinde of Riddle as is scarcely worth the reading: you may happen either neuer finde what it is, repent the seeking, or not care for the hauing of it; or standing in your owne light, be but little belomed for your lost labour. But, if with the eye of a carefull heart, you will looke into the loue of the soule, there I would be glad to see you longing, and wish you (hauing not to trouble you with more words then matter) the loue of God, you to loue me as I doe you, and God to loue vs all: and so I end.

Yours, in the loue of charitie, Nicholas Breton.

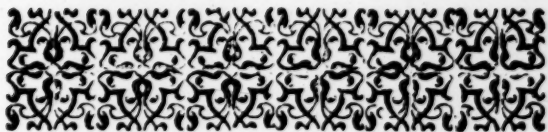




TWo hopefull Twinnes, ioynt issues of one braine,
A Ravisht Soule, and longing Spirit sends
Into your bosomes high and heavenly traine,
That are wits kinsmen, and the Muses friends.
Embrace them, loue them, and with iudgements view
Eye them. Beleeue me, Reader, thou shalt finde
Their limmes well measur'd, and proportions true;
No part dissenting from their perfect kinde.
Onely the fashion sits not on their clothes,
To make them sightly to fantasticke eyes.
Pallas, nor Venus, did the worke dispose,
Cutting their garments from Angellicke skies.
Plaine is their habite, yet Diuine and sweete:
Fit for the wise, but for the wise-st mecte.

H. T. Gent.





Ad Librum.



Oe Booke, and balke those eyes,
That loue but shadowes fighten:
And let them gape for flies,
That make but Buzzards flights.

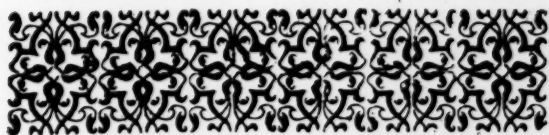
And tell the humble heart,
That longes in better loue,
To him thou wilt impart
Thy spirits Turtle dowe.

Whose flesh, the soule doth feed,
With that eternall sweet,
Wherein hearts eies may reed,
How life and loue doe meet,

To make the blessed see
The loue, that longeth best:
And what those longinges bee,
Whose loue is neuer blest.

That loue not misconceiu'd in thought,
May neuer longe for that is nought.





Bretons Longing .



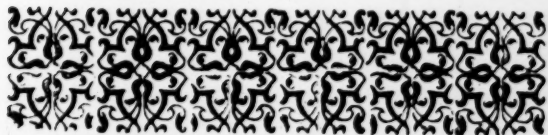
Hat life hath he that neuer thinkes of Loue?
And what such loue, but hath a special liking?
And, what such liking, but wil seeke to proue?
The best to find, the comfort of his seeking?
But, while fond thoughts in follies packe are peeking,
Better conceited wittes may easely finde
The truest wealth that may enrich the minde .

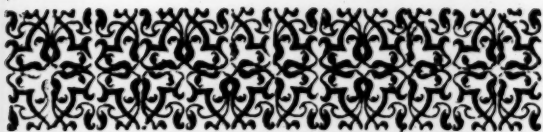
But, since the difference twixt the good, and bad,
Is easely seene in notes of their delights :
And that those notes are needefull to be had,
To see whose eyes are of the clearest sights :
Whose are the dayes, and whose may be the nightes :
From the poore Crowch, vnto the Princely Crowne,
I will the difference, as I finde, set downe .

The worldly Prince longes to encrease his Stare,
To conquer Kingdomes, and to weare their Crownes,
A foraine power, by forces to abate,
To make but foot-stooles, of their fairest Townes,
And, hates the spirits of those home-made Clownes,
That will not venter life for Victorie,
But yet, forgets that God should haue the glorie .

B

The





Bretons Longing.

The worldly Councellour doth beat his braines,
How to aduise his Soueraigne for the best,
And in his place, doth take continuall paines,
To keepe his Prince in such a pleasing rest,
That he may still be leaning on his breast,
Thinking his happe vnto a heauen so wrought:
But yet perhaps, God is not in his thought.

The Souldier, he delighteth ail in Armes,
To see his colours in the field display'd,
And longes to see the yssue of those harmes,
That may reueale an enemie dismay'd,
A Fort defeated, or a Towne betray'd,
And still to be in action, day and night:
But little thinkes on God in all the fight.

The worldly Scholler loues a world of Bookes,
And spends his life in many an idle line:
Meane while his heart, to heauen but little looks,
Nor loues to thinke vpon a thought diuine:
These thoughtes of ours (alas) so lowe encline,
VVe seeke to know, what nature can effect:
But vnto God, haue finall, or no respect.

The





Bretons Longing.

The Poet, with his fictions, and his fancies,
Pleaseth himselfe with humorous inuentions:
VVhich well considered, are a kinde of franzies,
That carie little truth in their intentions:
While wit and reason, falling at contentions,
Make wisdome finde, that follies strong illusion
Bringes wit and senses wholly to confusion.

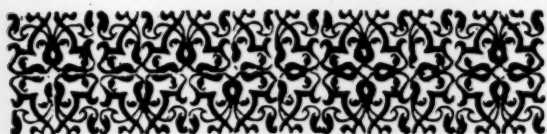
The worldly Lawyer studyeth right and wronge:
But how he iudgeth, there the question lyes.
For, if you looke for what his loue doth long,
It is the profite of his plea doth rise,
There is the worldly Lawyers Paradise:
He neither longes, the right, nor wrong, to see:
But to be fingring of the golden fee.

The Cosmographer doth the world suruey,
The hils, and dales, the nookes and little crookes,
The woods, the plaines, the high, and the by-way,
The Seas, the Riuers, and the little brookes:
All these he findes within his compast bookes;
And with his needle, makes his measure euen:
But, all this whlie he doth not thinke of heauen.

B 2

The





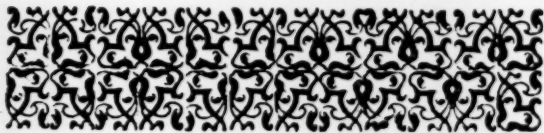
Bretons Longing.

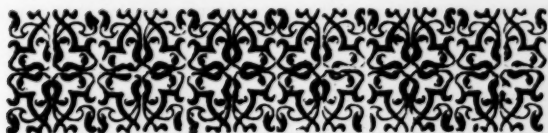
Th'Astronomer standes staring on the Skie,
And will not haue a thought beneath a starre :
But, by his speculation doth espie
A world of woonder, comming from asfarre ;
And tels of times, and natures, peace and warre :
Of *Mars* his sword, and *Mercury* his Rod:
But all this while, he little thinkes on God.

The worldly Marchant ventreth farre and neere :
And shunneth nor Land, nor Sea to make a gaine,
Thinkes neither trauaile, care, nor cost too deere,
If that his profite counteruaile his paine,
While so his minde is on the getting vaine,
That if his Shippe, doe safely come on shore,
Gold is his God, and he desires no more.

The worldly Courtier learnes to crouch and creepe,
Speake faire, waite close, obserue his time and place,
And wake, and watch and scarcely catch a sleepe,
Till he haue got into some fauours grace,
And will all cunning in his course embrace,
That may vnto Authoritie aduance :
But if he thinke of God, it is a chaunce.

The





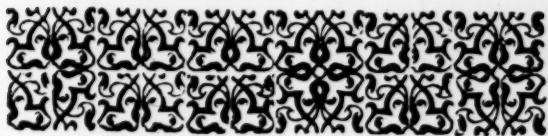
Bretons Longing.

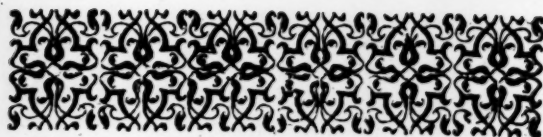
The worldly Farmer fills his Barnes with Corne,
And ploughes, and sows, and digges, and delues, & hedges,
Lookes to his Cattell, will not lose a horne,
Fells downe his woods, and fells vnto his wedges,
And grinds his Axes, and doth mend their edges,
And deereley fells, that he good cheape hath bought :
But, all the while God is not in his thought.

The Sayler, he doth by his compasse stand,
And weies his anchors, and doth hoyle his sayles,
And longes for nothing, but to get on land,
VWhile many a storme his starting spirite quailles,
And feare of Pirats, his poore heart assayles:
But once on shore, carowse and casts off feare,
Yet scarcely thinkes on God that set him there.

The worldly Preacher talkes of Sacrifice,
Of Sacraments, and holy Mysteries:
Meane while, hee longes but for the Benefice,
That should preferue his purse from beggeries,
Because hee loues no worldly miseries.

For many a Preacher, that Gods word hath taught,
Shewes by his life, God liues not in his thought.





Bretons Longing.

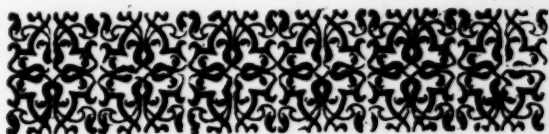
The worlds Phisitian, that in sicknesse tries
The nature of the hearbes and Minerals:
And, in his simples, and his compounds spies,
Which way to make the Patients funerals,
Or profite by his Cures in generals,
Longes but to see how long they may endure:
But scarcely thinkes on God in all the Cure.

The worlds Musitian, that doth tune his voice,
Vnto such notes as Musiques skill hath set:
Whose heart doth in the harmonie reioyce,
Where pleasing Conforts are most kindly met:
But still perhaps his spirit doth forget,
In all his himnes, and songes, and sweetest layes,
To thinke of God, or of his worthy prayse.

The Polititian hath a world of plots,
In which his spirit hath his speciall spyes,
Ties, and vnties a Thousand sundrie knots,
In which the substance of his studie lyes:
And many trickes his close experience tryes,
How to deceiue the world with many a wile:
But neuer thinkes on God in all the while.

The





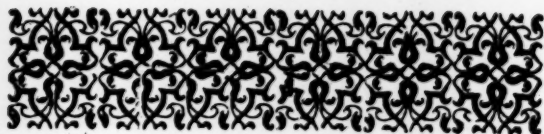
Bretons Longing.

The Trauailer delighteth in the view
Of change and choise offundrie kinde of creatures:
To marke the habites, and to note the hew
Of farre borne people, and their fundrie natures,
Their shapes, their speech, their gates, their lookes, their fea-
And longes abroad to make his lifes abode: (tures,
Yet happly neuer longes to be with God.

The Painter in his colours takes delight,
And neere the life, to make the liuelyhood:
While onely shadowes doe deceiue the sight,
That take such pleasure in a peece of wood:
But doth not long for that same liuing food,
Which neither eye hath seene, nor heart conceiu'd,
The God of truth, that neuer soule deceiu'd.

The Louer, he, but on his Ladie thinketh,
And how to catch her in a kinde content,
And lookes, and leeres, and trowles the eie, and winketh,
And seekes how thoughtes in silence may bee sent,
And longes to see the end of his intent,
And thinkes himse!fe a King, to get a kisse:
But where is God, in all these thoughtes of his?





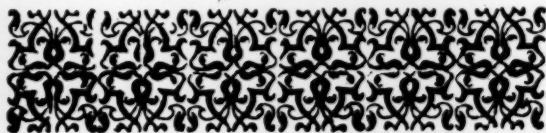
Bretons Longing.

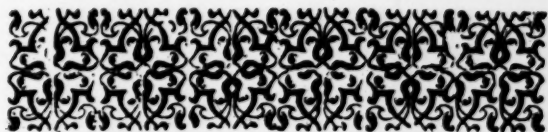
Th' Artificer that hath a worke to doe,
And bringes his hand vnto his heads deuise,
Longes till he see, what it will come vnto,
And how his paines haue profite in the price,
And hauing cast it ouer twise or thrice,
Ioyes in his heart but scarcely hath a thought,
To thanke his God, that him the cunning taught.

The Churle, that sits and champes vpon his chaffe,
And will not stirre a foote from his Barne floure,
Except it be, among his bagges to laugh,
He can the poore so with his purse deuoure,
Longes but to vse the poyson of his power,
To enrich himselfe, to bringe a world to naught,
Shewes, that God neuer dwels within his thought.

As for those beggerly conditions
Of basest trades, that like to miry hogges,
Doe shewe their spirites dispositions,
In digging with their noses vnder logges,
For slime and wormes: or like to rauening dogges,
Longe but for that, which doth the belly fill,
Most of them thinke on God against their will,

These





Bretons Longing.

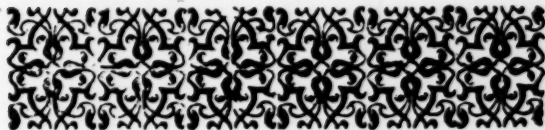
These are the worldlings, and their worlds delights,
Whose longing, God knowes, is not worth the louing:
These are the objects of those euill sights,
That vertue hath from her faire eyes remoouing.
These are the passions of corruptions proouing:
But, they that loue, and long for God his sight,
In worldly trifles neuer take delight.

The Prince annointed with the oyle of grace,
Who sits with mercie, in the seate of peace,
Will long to see his Sauour in the face,
And, all his right into his handes release,
(Whose onely sight would make all sorrow cease)
And lay both Crowne, and Kingdome at his feette,
But of his presence to enioy the sweette.

The Councillour with heauenly grace inspir'd,
Where wisdom guides the lineaments of wit,
Although he hath to honours place aspir'd,
His heart doth shew, it longes not after it:
His loue desires, a higher marke to hitte:
For while he leaneth on his Princes breast,
His longing is, but with his God to rest.

C

The





Bretons Longing.

The Courtier, that is once in God his grace,
What euer countenance in the Court he beares,
His heart aspireth to a better place :
Which humble loue doth long for with those teares ,
Which all too naught, the pride of pleasure weares,
And neuer rests vntill his God he see ,
With whome his soule in loue doth long to be .

The Souldier, that hath fought the spirits fight,
Will put off warre, and long to liue in peace,
And not in discord, but concord delight,
VVhere gracious kindenesse, makes all quarrels cease,
VVhile patience, doth all passions so appease,
That, he shall finde that Souldiour onely blest,
Whose faith, in God, doth set his soule at rest .

The Lawyer, that hath read the Lawes of God,
And in his heart is touched with his loue :
And knowes the sinart of the supernall Rod,
Will one day worke, for silly soules behoue.
Who haue their comfort in the heauens aboue,
VVill leaue all golden fees, to see the grace,
That mercies iustice shewes in Iesus face .

The





Bretons Longing.

The Scholler, that beginnes with Christ his crosse,
And seekes good speede, but in the holy Ghost,
Findes by his booke, that siluer is but drosse,
And all his labour, in his studie lost,
Where faith, of mercie, cannot sweetly boast,
And loue doth long for any other blisse,
Then, what in God, and in his graces is.

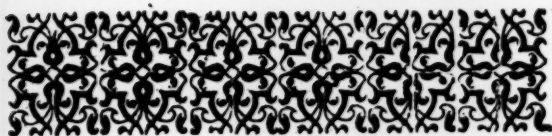
And such a Poet as the Psalmist was,
VWho had no minde, but on his Maisters loue:
VWhose Muses did the world in Musique passe,
That onely soong but of the soules behoue,
In giuing glorie to the God aboue,
Would all worldes fictions wholly laye aside,
And onely long, but with the Lord to bide.

The Cosmographer, that by rules of grace,
Surueys the Citie of the heauenly Saintes,
Will neuer long for any earthly place,
That either penne prescribes, or Painter paints:
But in the faith, that neuer failes, nor faints,
Will long to see in heauens *Ierusalem*,
The gracious God of glories Diadem.

C 2

The





Bretons Longing.

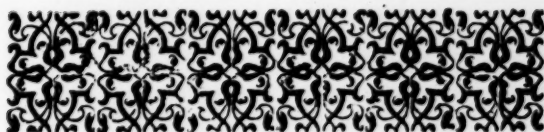
The true Astronomer, that sees the Sunne,
And knowes that God, from whome it takes his light,
And in the course, the Moone and starres doe runne,
Finds the true guider of the day and night,
Longes but to see his onely blessed sight,
Who Sunne, and Moone, and stars their brightnes giues,
And, in whose face, all brightnesse glorie liues.

The Mariner, that oft hath past the Seas,
And in his perils, seene the power of God,
Whose onely mercie doth the stormes appease,
And bringes the Shippe vnto his wished Road,
Will neuer longe, on earth to make abode:
But in the heauens, to see that blessed hande,
That, at his becke, so rules both Sea and Land.

The Marchant, that hath cast within his minde,
How much the spirits gaine the flesh surmounts,
And by his faith, in mercies loue doth finde
The ioyfull summe of such a soules accounts,
As to saluation of the whole amounts,
Will leaue the world, but on Christes face to looke,
VWhich all the faithfull make their liuing Booke.

The





Bretons Longing.

The Farmer, that hath felt his neighbours neede,
And found, how God, and charitie are one :
And knowes there is a better kinde of feede,
Then grasse, or Corne, or flesh, or bloud, or bone,
VVill wish himselfe from his worlds treasure gone,
Vpon those ioyes to feede in mercies blisse,
VWhere Christ his presence is heauens Paradise.

The true Phisitian that doth knowe the natures,
And dispositions of each Element,
And knowes that God created hath all Creatures
Beneath, and eke aboue the Firmament,
And ouer all, hath onely Gouvernement,
VVill onely long that glorious God to know,
That giues the sicknesse and doth cure it so.

The soules Musitian, that doth finde the ground,
Of truest Musique, but in God his grace,
VVill thinke all singing, but an idle sound,
VWhere God his praise hath not the highest place,
And onely longes to see that blessed face,
VWhich makes the Virgins, Saints, and Angels sing,
An Halleluiah, to their heauenly King.



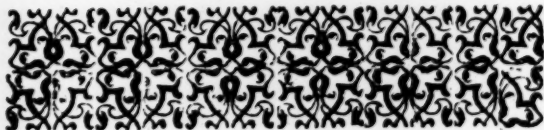


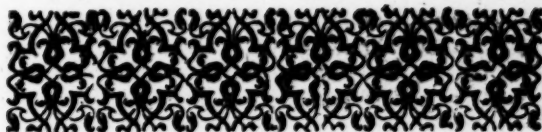
Bretons. Longing.

The Preacher, that doth in his soule beleue
The word of God, which to the world he teacheth,
And in his spirit inwardly doth greeue,
He cannot liue so heauenly as he preacheth,
VWhile faith no further then to mercie reacheth,
VVould wish in soule, to leaue his Benefice,
To make himselfe to Christ a Sacrifice.

The Politician, that hath plotted much,
In worldly matters greatly to his gaine,
Will finde, if God doe once his spirit tuch,
Zacheus heart will haue another vaine,
To clime aloft, and to come downe againe,
And leaue all plots, to come but to that place,
Where he might see sweete Iesus in the face.

Th'Artificer, that hath a worke in hand,
And fees the grace of God within his heart:
And by the same, doth surely vnderstand,
How God alone perfecteth euerie part,
And onely is the giuer of all Art,
Will gladly leaue his worke, and longe to be,
Where he might Christ his soules worke-maister see.
The.





Bretons Longing.

The Painter, that doth paint a daintie Image,
So neere the life as may be to the same,
And makes an Assc vnto an Owle doe homage,
While shadowes bringe the sculles out of frame,
If God his heart, once with his loue enflame,
His Pictures all will vnder foote be trod,
And he will longe, but for the liuing God.

The Trauailer, that walkes the world about,
And sees the glorious workes of God on high,
If God his grace once kindly finde him out,
And vnto heauen doe lift his humble eye,
His soule in faith, will such perfections spie,
That leauing all, that he on earth can see,
His loue will long, but with the Lord to be.

The Churle, that neuer chaunc't vpon a thought
Of charitie, nor what belongs thereto,
If God his grace, haue once his spirit brought,
To feele what good the faithfull almers doe,
The loue of Christ will so his spirit wooe,
That he will leaue Barnes corne, and bagges of Coine,
And land and life, with Iesus loue to ioine.

C 4

Thus





Bretons Longing.

Thus, from the Prince, vnto the pooreſt ſtate,
Who ſeemes to liue, as voide of reaſons ſenſe,
If God once come, who neuer comes too late,
And touch the ſoule, with his ſweet Quinteſſence
Of mercies gracious glorious patience :

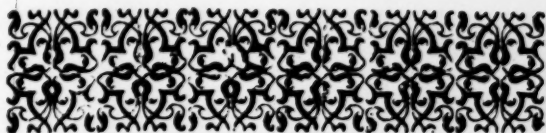
His ſoule will leaue what euer it doth loue,
And long to liue, but with the Lord about .

Now, to the tenure of that longing time,
That louing ſpirits thinke too long will laſt,
The maide new married, in her pregnant prime,
Longes till the time of fortie weekes be paſt,
And blameth time, he makes no greater haſt,
Till in her armes, ſhe ſweetly haue receiu'd,
Her Comfortes fruite within her wombe conceiu'd .

Thus fortie weekes, ſhe labours all in loue,
And at the laſt doth trauaile all in paine:
But, ſhortly after doth ſuch comfort procure,
As glads her heart, and makes all whole againe :
So, in her Infants pretty ſmiling vaine,
Pleaſing her ſelfe, that all her greefe is gone,
VVhen ſhe may haue her babe to looke vpon .

Penelope,





Bretons Longing.

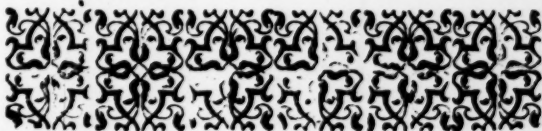
Penelope, at her deere loues departing,
In sobel kindnesse did conceale her care:
Though in her heart she had that inward smarting,
That times continuance after did declare:
VVhere constant loue did shew, without compare,
A perfect passion of true vertues vaine,
Longing but for *Ulysses* home againe.

How many yeeres, the Storie doth set downe,
In which she felt, the gall of absence greefe:
When constant faith, on foule effects did frowne,
Which sought to be to charitie a theefe,
Of natures beautie, the true honour cheefe:
Long languishing in absence cruell hell:
But, when she saw his presence all is well.

But, if I may in holy lines beginne,
To speake of *Ioseph*. and his longing loue
Vnto his brethren, but to *Beniamin*
To note the passion, nature did approoue,
Which did such teares in his affection mooue,
That well from thence, the Prouerbe sweet might spring,
The loue of Brethren is a blessed thing.

D

Well





Breton's Longing.

Well may I see the notes of natures grieve,
In absence of the object of affection:
And longing for the substance of reliefe,
In presence finde the life of loutes perfection,
While eie, and heart, are led by one direction.
Yet all this while, I doe not truly prooue
The blessed longing of the spirits loue.

When *Mary Magdalene*, so full of sinne,
As made her heart a harbour of ill thought,
Felt once the grace of God to enter in,
And driue them out that her destruction sought:
Her soule was then to *Iesus* loue so wrought,
As that with teares in true affect did proue
The pleasing longing of the Spirits loue.

In griefe she went all weeping to his graue,
Longing to see him, or aliue or dead:
And would not cease vntill her loue might haue
Her longed fruite on which her spirit fed:
One blessed crumme of that sweet heauenly bread
Of Angels food, but of her Lord a sight;
Whose heauenly presence prou'd her soules delight.

Midas





Bretons Longing.

Midas did long for nothing els bur Gold,
And he was kindly choaked for his choyce :
Such longing loue doeth with too many hold,
Which onely doe in worldly drosse reioyce.
But did they hearken to the heauenly voyce,
Their Diamondes should not so for drosse be sold,
And they would long for God, and not for gold.

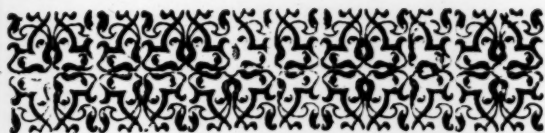
Zachew, too long, longed for such drosse,
Till *Iesus* came, his spirits further ioye;
And then he found his gaine did yeeld but losse,
While sinne in conscience bred the soules annoye,
And vnto heauen the world was but a toye :
He left it all and climed vp a tree,
To shew his longing, how but Christ to see.

And well he longd that so his loue receiued;
Who sweetly saw, and kindly call'd him downe:
His stature low; but his loue high conceiued:
Who so was grac't by mercies glories crowne,
As, hauing cause vpon his sinnes to frowne,
Forgaue the workes that did deserue damnation,
And fill'd his house with glory of saluation.

D 2

A





Bretons Longing.

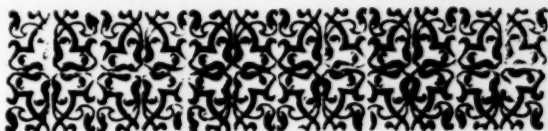
A blessed longing of a blessed Loue.
Would so all soules did loue, and so did long:
And in their longing might so sweetly prooue
The gracious ground of such a glorious longe,
As kils all sinne, that doth the spirit wrong:
And sing with *Simeon* at his Sauours fight,
Oh now my soule depart in peace delight.

Oh blessed *Simeon*, blessed was thy loue,
And thy Loues longing for thy Sauour so:
Who wrought so sweetly for thy soules behoue,
As, from thy prayers would not let thee goe,
Till to thy loue, he did his presence shoue:
Which made thee sing, when sorrowes all did cease:
Lord, let thy Seruant now depart, in peace.

For I, according to thy word, haue scene
The glorious substance of my soules saluation:
Thy word, in whome my trust hath euer beene,
And now hath found my comforts confirmation,
Thus did he make a ioyfull declaration
Of that sweete fight of his sweet Sauours face,
That was the glorie of his spirits grace.

How





Bretons Longing.

How many yēeres, he all in prayer spent,
For the beholding of his blessed loue :
What was the yssue of his hopes euent,
And how his prayers did preuaile aboue,
That so his God did vnto mercie moue,
As to his armes, to send his onely Sonne,
The Storie doth all th'Apostles runne.

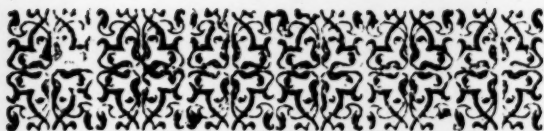
He was well call'd, good *Simeon*, for that grace,
That God had giuen the spirite of his loue :
That loue that long'd, but in his Sauours face,
To see the blessing of his soules behoue :
And blessed prayer, that did truly proue,
A blessed soule, that could not prayer cease,
Till Christ his presence came to giue it peace.

So should all soules, their Loues chiefe longing haue,
All soules I meane, of euerie Christian hart,
That seeke or hope, both heart and soule to saue,
From Hell, damnation, and supernall smart :
This is the loue, that in the liuing part,
Of mercies power, shall finde that blessednesse,
That is the spirits onely happinesse.

D 3

Nor





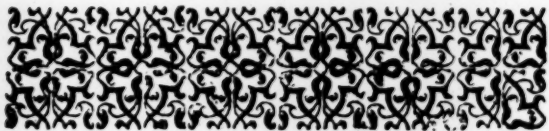
Bretons Longing.

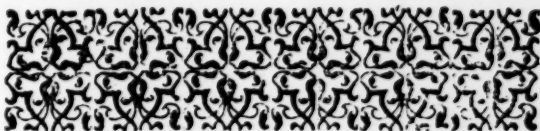
Nor can loue looke to limit out a time,
But now, and then, and euermore attende:
For he shall neuer to that comfort clime,
That will not all his life in prayer spend,
Vntill he see his Sauour in the end:
In whose sweet face, doeth all and onely rest
The heauenly ioy, that makes the spirit blest.

Blest be the spirit, that so longs and loues
As did *Zacheus* and good *Simeon* :
And, from his faithfull prayer neuer mooues,
Vntill he find his life to looke vpon:
And, in such loue is all so ouer gon,
That, in such ioy his heart and spirit dwels,
As, hauing *Christ*, it cares for nothing els.

Oh blessed *Christ*, the essence of all blisse,
All blessed soules loues longings chiefe delight :
What heart can thinke, how that soule blessed is,
That euer hath his Sauour in his sight ?
The sunny day that neuer hath a night.
Oh that my spirit might so euer pray,
That I might liue to see that blessed day.

The





Bretons Longing.

The day that onely springeth from on high,
That high day light, wherein the heauens doe liue :
The life that loues, but to behold that eye,
Which doeth the glory of all brightnesse giue,
And from th'enlightned, doth all darkenesse driue:
Where Saints doe see, and Angels know to be
A brighter light, then Saints or Angels see.

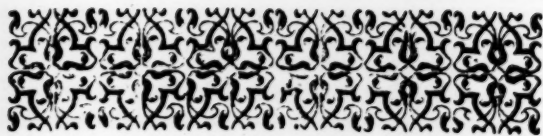
In this lights loue, Oh, let me euer liue,
And let my soule haue neuer other loue,
But, all the pleasures of the world to giue,
The smallest sparke of such a ioy to proue,
And euer pray vnto my God aboue,
To grant my humble soule good *Simeons* grace,
In loue to see my Sauour in the face.

O face more faire, then fairenesse can containe:
O eye more bright then brightnesse can declare:
O light more pure, then passion can explaine:
O life more blest, then may with blisse compare:
O heauen of heauens, where such perfections are,
Let my soule liue to loue, to long, to bee
Euer in prayer, but to looke on thee.

D 4

But





Bretons Longing.

But, oh vnworthy eye of such a sight :
And all vnworthy heart of such a loue:
Vnworthy loue, to long for such a light :
Vnworthy longing such a life to prooue :
Vnworthy life, so high a suit to mooue.

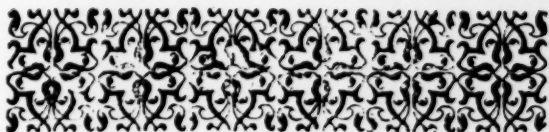
Thus, all vnworthy of so high a grace,
How shall I see my Sauour in the face.

All by the prayer of true penitence,
Where faith in teares attendeth graces time,
My Soule doth hope in mercies patience,
My heart all cleansed from my sinfull crime,
To see the springing of *Auroras* prime,
In those bright beames of that sweete blessed Sunne
Of my deere God, in whome all blisse begunne.

And that my soule may such a blessing see,
Let my heart pray, and praying neuer cease,
Till heart and soule may both together be :
Blest in thy sight all sorrowes doth release :
And with good *Simeon* then depart in peace.
Oh then; but then, and onely cuer then,
Blest be my soule, sweete *Iesus* lay Amen.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.





What is Loue .

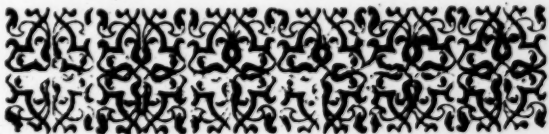
MEnt talke of loue, that know not what it is.
For could we know what loue may be indeede,
We would not haue our mindes so led amisse,
With idle toyes, that wanton humours feede:
But, in the rules of higher reason read
What loue may be, so from the world conceal'd:
Yet, all too plainly, to the world reueal'd.

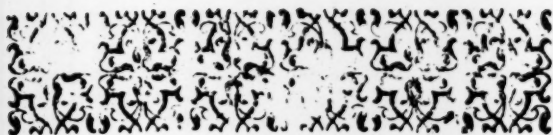
Some one doth faine, Loue is a blinded God,
His blindnesse, him more halfe a Diuell shoves .
For Loue, with blindnesse, neuer made abode:
Which all the power of wit and reason knowes:
And from whose grace, the ground of knowledge growes:
But such blinde eyes, that can no better see,
Shall neuer liue to come, where loue may be .

Some onely thinke it onely is a thought,
Bred in the eye, and buzzeth in the braine,
And breakes the heart, vntill the minde be brought,
To feede the senses, with a sorrie vaine,
Till wits once gone, come neuer home againe:
And then too late, in mad conceit doe prooue,
Fantaſticke wits are euer voide of loue .

E

Some



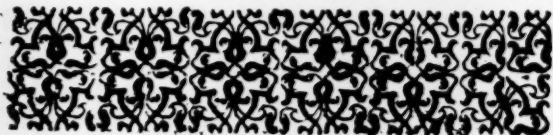


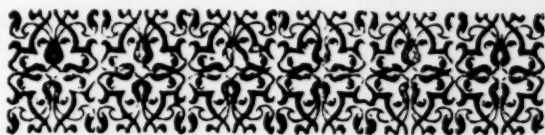
Bretons Longing.

Some thinke it is a babe of beauties getting,
Nurst vp by Nature, and times onely breeding;
A pretty worke, to set the wits a whetting,
Vpon a fancy of an humours feeding;
Where reason findes but little sence in reeding.
No, no: I see, children must goe to Schoole;
Philosophie is not for euery foole.

And, some againe thinke there is no such thing,
But in conceit, a kinde of coyned leſt:
Which onely doth of idle humors spring,
Like to a Bird within a *Phaenix* nest;
Where neuer yet did any yong one rest.
But let such fooles take heed of blasphemie:
For loue is high in his Diuinitie.

But to be short, to learne to finde him out,
Tis not in beauties eyes, nor babyes harts:
He must goe beat another world about,
And seeke for loue, but in those liuing parts
Of reasons light, that is the life of Arts;
That will perceiue, though he can neuer see.
The perfect essence whereof loue may be.





What is Love.

It is too cleare a brightnesse for mans eye:
Too high a wisdom for his wits to finde:
Too deepe a secret for his sense to trie:
And, all too heauenly, for his earthly minde;
It is a grace of such a glorious kinde,
As giues the soule, a secret power to know it.
But giues no heart, nor spirit power to show it.

It is of heauen and earth the highest beaurie,
The powerfull hand of heauens and earths creation,
The due commander of all spirits duety,
The Deitie of Angels Adoration:
The glorious substance of the soules saluation:
The light of Truthe, that all perfection trieth,
And life that giues the life that neuer dieth.

It is the height of God, and hate of ill,
Tryumph of Truthe, and falshoods ouerthrow:
The onely worker of the highest will;
And onely knowledge, that doeth knowledge know:
And onely ground where it doeth onely growe:
It is in summe the substance of all blisse,
Without whose blessing all thing nothing is.

E 2

But





What is Loue .

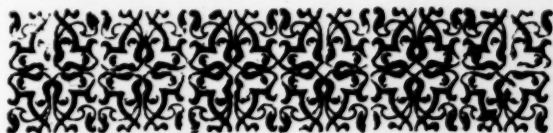
But in it selfe, it selfe, it all containeth :
And from it selfe, but of it selfe it giueth :
It nothing loseth, and it nothing gaineth ,
But in the glorie of it selfe, it liueth :
A ioy, which soone away all sorrow driueth :
The prooued truth, of all perfections storie ,
Our God incomprehensible in glorie .

Thus, is it not a Riddle to be read:
And yet, a secret to be found in reading :
But, when the heart ioynes yssue with the head,
In settled faith to seeke the spirits feeding,
While in the woundes that euer fresh are bleeding,
In Christ his side , the faithfull soule may see,
In perfect life, what perfect loue may be .

No further seeke, then for to finde out loue,
Then in the liues of euerliuing blisse,
Where carefull conscience may in comfort prooue,
In sacred loue, that heauenly substance is,
That neuer guides the gracious minde amisse:
But makes the soule, to finde in lifes behoue ,
What thing indeed , and nothing else is loue ?

Then



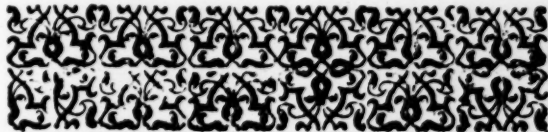


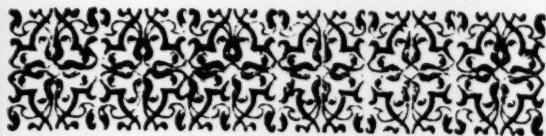
What is Loue.

Then make no doubt of either good or bad,
If this or that, in substance, or in thought:
And by what meanes, it may be sought or had:
Whereof it is, and how it may be wrought:
Let it suffice the word of truth hath taught,
It is the grace, but of the liuing God,
Before beginning, that with him abode.

It brought forth power to worke, wisdom to will,
Iustice to iudge, Mercie to execute,
Vertue to plant, Charitie to fill,
Time to direct, Truth falshood to confute,
Pitie to pleade, in penitences suite,
Patience to bide, and peace to giue the rest,
To prooue how loue doth make the spirit blest.

And this is God, and this same God is loue.
For God, and loue in charitie are one:
And charitie is that same God aboue,
In whome doth liue that onely loue alone,
Without whose grace, true loue is neuer none.
Then seeke no further, what is loue to finde?
But onely carie God within thy minde.





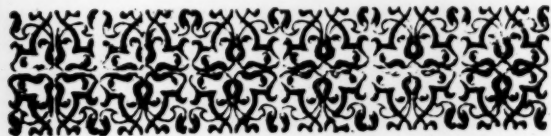
What is Loue .

Leaue in the world to looke for any loue:
For on the earth is little faith to finde;
And faithlesse hearts, in too much trueth doe proue
Loue doth not liue, where care is so vnkinde:
Men in their natures differ from their kinde.
Sinne fills the world so full of secret euils:
Men should be Gods to men, but they are deuils.

Christ lou'd to death, yet loue did neuer die.
For, loue, by death, did worke the death of death.
Oh liuing loue, oh heauenly Mystery,
To great a glory, for this world beneath;
The blessed breathing, of the highest breathe,
Blest are they borne, that onely finde in thee,
Oh blessed God, what blessed loue: may be.

Let then the Poets leaue their idle humours,
That write of loue where there is no such thing:
And let the world not hearken to those rumours,
That speake of loue, or whence that life doeth spring:
Except it be in this our blessed king,
And Lord of life, in whom our soules may proue
The onely life of euerliuing loue .

Let



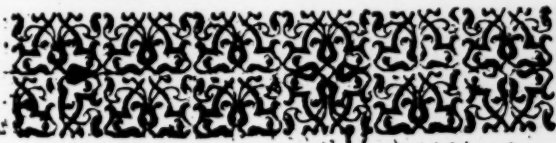


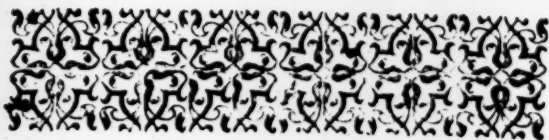
What is Loue.

Let wantons weepe, that laughing sought for loue,
VVithin the Gems of their mistaken ioyes:
And turne with teares, that perfect path to proue,
That leades the spirit, from the worlds annoyes,
Vnto that treasure, that admits no toyes:
But in the riches of the soule doeth proue
The heauenly life of blessed spirits loue.

And, let the wise (if any such there be,
As God forbid, but there were many such,
That in their soules by secret wisdom see,
In the true triall of true vertues touch,
The worth that faith can not affect too much)
Confesse, they finde, in truerhs effects alone,
That God is loue, without whom there is none.

Amidde the skie, there is one onely sunne,
Amidde the ayre, one onely *Phoenix* flies:
One only Time, by which all houres doe runne:
One onely life, that liues and neuer dies:
One onely eye, that euerie thought descrites:
One onely light, that shewes one onely loue:
One onely loue, and that is God aboue.





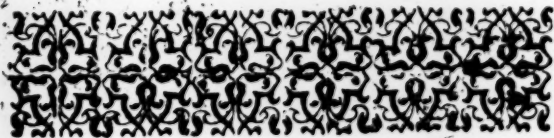
What is Loue.

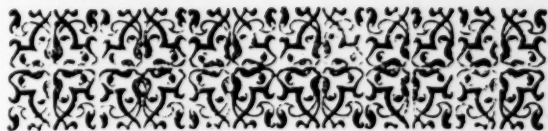
To say yet further, what this loue may be,
It is a holy heauenly excellence,
Aboue the power of any eye to see,
Or wit to finde by wolds experience:
It is the spirit of lifes Quintessence:
VWhose rare effects, may partly be perceiued
But to the full, can neuer be conceiued.

It is repentance sweete restorative,
The *Rosa solis*, the sicke soule reuiue,th,
It is the faithfull hearts preseruatiue:
It is the haue, where happie grace attriue,th;
It is the life, that death of power depriueth:
It is in summe, the euerlasting blisse,
VWhere, God alone in all his glorie is.

It is a ioy that neuer comes in iest:
A comfort, that doth cut off euerie care;
A rule, where in the life of life doth rest,
VWhere all the fairefull finde their happie fare,
A good, that doth but onely God declare.
A line, that his right hand doth drawe so euen,
As leads the soule, the high waye vnto heauen.

If





What is Loue.

If then henceforth you aske what thing is loue;
In light, in life, in grace, in God, goe looke it :
And if in these you doe not truly prooue,
How, in your hearts, you may for euer booke it;
Vnhappy thinke your selues, you haue mistooke it.
For why the life that death hath ouer-trod,
Is but the loue of Grace: and that is God,

All kinde of loue but this, is but mistaken:
And all conceit but this, is misconceiued:
All kinde of loue but this must be forsaken:
All trust, but in this trueth may be deceiued:
All in this loue, all trueth may be perceiued:
All hearts belife, and all soules seale vnto it,
All what is good, this loue doeth onely doe it.

What shall I say? but tis beyond my saying,
To tell you all may of this loue be sayd:
And yet, that trueth be free from all betraying,
That hath no more, then what she knowes, bewray'd,
Let me but stay, but where as shee hath staid,
And say but this as I haue said before,
That loue is God, and I can say no more.

Solus Amor Deus.

F

Oh





Solus in toto laudandus Deus.



H blessed loue, the life of blessednesse,
If euer thou diddest helpe a sinners heart,
Behold my teares, and in thy holynesse,
Assist my spirit with thy sacred Art,
That al the world may ioy to heare me sing
The holy praises of my heauenly King.

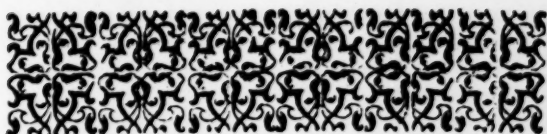
Inspire me with that vnderstanding power,
Which may conceiue, and by desert commend
The toppe of truth on that triumphant Tower,
Where graces dwell, and glories neuer end :
Let some such Angell helpe me in deuising,
As speaks of praise in glories euer rising.

Oh loue, how gracious is that beautie held,
That giues the world but shadowes to behold !
But, oh what glorie maist thou iustly yeeld,
Vnto that life, which doth thy life vnfold !
And while all shadowes fade, and fall away,
Is euer bright, and neuer can decay.

In natures beautie, all the best can be
Are shadowing colours to deceiue the eye :
But in this beautie, may our spirits see
A light wherein we liue, and cannot die;
A light whereby we see that most auails vs,
The comfort of our faith, that neuer failes vs.

How





How bountifull is that faire hand accounted,
That of his store, a little stinte bestoweth!
But, how in bountie hath that hand surmounted,
That euer giuing, asking ouer-goeth:
And for no gift, shall in true grace be scanting,
Doth giue it selfe, to see no comfort wanting.

How wise is he, that teacheth how to wielde
The world at will, by wicked wits deuise!
But wiser much that findes that wit beguil'd,
That neuer seekes the way to Paradise:
Oh blessed loue, none but thy Lord of light
Doth giue the soule that perfect heauenly light.

How kinde is he, that doth his friend relieue,
In time of need, of world'y mindes reputed?
But he that helpes the heart, that him doth grieue,
To such a minde, what praise may bee imputed?
How kinde is then our Christ, let his death trie,
Who hated sinne, yet did for sinners die.

How valiant is hee held, that can subdue,
By force of hand, the furie of his foe!
But, in whose hand such valour euer grewe,
As gaue both death and hell their ouerthrow?
None but thy Lord my loue, that God of sight,
Who makes all powers to tremble at his sight.





How patient is that poore conceit esteem'd,
That can put vp a wrong, or crosse, or two?
But, how more patient may our Christ be deem'd,
That bare all wrongs that all the world could doe?
Oh, peerelesse paterne of true patience power,
That conquerd death, in passions dying houre!

How iust is he, who as the Law doth beare,
The likeliest trueth his iudgement doth pronounce!
But, how more iuste, whom neither hope nor feare
Could euer mooue to challenge or denounce!

Sweet *Iesus Christ*, who neuer *Cesar* wrongeth,
And giues to God, that vnto God belongeth.

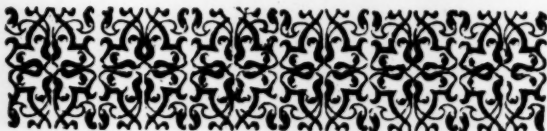
How gracious is that creature to be thought,
That doeth repent him of his wickednesse!
But, how more gracious, in whom God hath wrought
The perfect height of Graces holinesse!

It is thy life, my loue, our Lord and God,
Who by his Grace, all sinne hath ouer-trod.

How comfortable is esteemd that hand,
That heales the sicke, although not neere to death!
But, what more comfort in that power doeth stand,
Then to the dead can giue a liuing breath!

My loue thou knowest that *Lazarus* can tell,
When *Maries* teares did please our master well.

What





What should I in particulars proceed?
When all and summe, that heauen and earth can show.
Are short to finde how farre he doeth exceede
The praise of prayse, where highest prayses goe.
But, worship him in whom all Graces liue,
Worthy more glory then the world can giue.

And since my God and euerlasting Lord,
All in himselfe, all height of glory holdeth:
And to the faithfull onely doeth afford
No more to know, them mercies care vnfoldeth:
Let my soules loue but humbly fall before him,
In admiration, wholly to adore him.

For beauty, bounty, wisdom, valour, kindnesse,
Grace, patience, comfort, iustice, trueth, perfection:
In whom all these doe liue, what reasons blindnesse
Can thinke to reach in prayses due perfection?
VVhere in the height, to haue all glory founded,
Both heau'ns and earth, and Angels are confounded.

And since farre more then most that can be thought,
I lue in the light of his incomprehension:
Which neuer sense, that euer proudly sought,
But perisht in the instant of intention:

Let my soule sing, when all hearts strings are broken,
His prayse is more, then can in praise be spoken.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

F 3





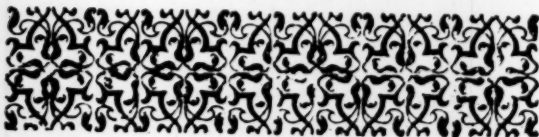
hen the Angels all are singing,
All of glorie euer springing,
In the ground of high heauens graces,
Where all vertues haue their places :
Oh that my poore soule were neere them,
With an humble heart to heare them.

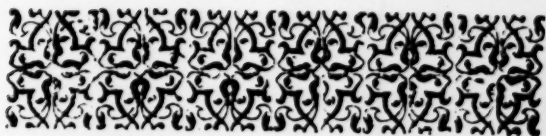
Then should faith in loues submission,
Ioying but in mercies blessing,
Where that sinnes are in remission,
Sing the ioyfull soules confessing,
Of her comforts high commending,
All in glorie, neuer ending.

But, ah wretched sinfull creature,
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine,
Thinke vpon that loue diuine,
That doth tune the Angels voices,
While the hoast of heauen reioyces !

No, the songe of deadly sorrowe,
In the night, that hath no morrow,
And their paines are neuer ended,
That haue heauenly powers offended,
Is more fitting to the merite,
Of my soule infected spirite .

Yet





Yet while mercie is remoouing
All the sorrowes of the louing,
How can faith be full of blindnesse?
To despaire of mercies kindnesse,
While the hand of heauen is giuing,
Comfort from the euerliuing.

No, my soule be no more sorie:
Looke vnto that life of glorie,
Which the grace of faith regardeth,
And the teares of loue rewardeth:
Where the soule the comfort getteth,
That the Aungels musique setteth.

There when thou art well conducted,
And by heauenly grace instructed,
How the faithfull thoughtes to fashion
Of a rauisht louers passion:
Sing with saines, to Aungels nighest,
Halleluiah, in the highest.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

